

COMMUNICATIONS
FROM THE
STATES AND TERRITORIES.

[For the NEW NATIONAL ERA does not hold itself responsible
for views expressed by correspondents. Well written and
interesting communications will be gladly received.]

From South Carolina.

COLUMBIA, S. C., April 7, 1874.

Many eyes are turned to South Carolina. Many hearts are stirred by the mention of her name. Some people are anxious to see her sink deep in degradation, while others are correctly hoping that she may yet weather the storm and ride safe into the haven of prosperity.

These things are natural. There are many men who believe in the inferiority of races, who hold that both the Caucasian and the Mongolian are superior to the African. Such men attempt to ground their theory upon ethnological, philological and scientific researches. Is it to be wondered at, then, that so many men have already declared Republican government in South Carolina to be a failure? No, is the answer which comes from every honest lip, and finds an echo in every honest heart.

Many wrongs have been done in this State every one admits; but we deny that they are such as to warrant the assertion—"negro rule is a failure in South Carolina." This unphilosophical statement has become a by-word, an every-day expression. The African citizen has made mistakes, it is true; but not because he is a negro. History—especially the revolutionary portion of it—is full of grave errors which parties, nay, nations, made, particularly in suddenly passing from one condition of things in another. What mistakes that began enunciation have the French and Spanish made in their history! To-day men turn with horror from the terrors of the Revolution, and refer with shame to the cruelties of the Inquisition.

South Carolina, like "the petulant speech, the careless tongue, has caused more injury, done more wrong" to the Union than any other State since the dissolution of the Confederation. Her children have always been hot-headed, hasty, impatient. Of course I mean her Caucasian children. They are, to-day, just what they used to be. They are as logical and as fair in their political opinions as their fathers who defied "Old Hickory," as they themselves were when they flouted the flag of secession in the face of Lincoln. Not only are they still like inconsiderate youths, but they also hated the Union and the party of progress fully as much as, if not more than, their fathers did.

This statement has been proven by their course ever since the end of "the late unpleasantness." When the negro wanted to use their knowledge of government, they emphatically refused to have anything to do with the "Radical Unconstitutionality" publicly professing that it would go "where the woodbine twined" in less than six months. Can the reader conceive of anything more inconsiderate? Had they followed "the let alone policy," which was conceived in folly and obstinacy, they would have been wise even in their foolishness; but they did all in their power to cripple the infant government by depicting in the most shameful manner the bonds which the authorities were at first compelled to issue. They were unable, as a rule, to raise fifty cents on a dollar. This peculiar operation of the Southern whites was the cause of the large issue of State bonds; it paved the way for the many dishonest financial schemes which have proved so injurious to the fair fame and good name of the State.

Had they stopped here they would have discovered, even then, a spirit of prudence; but, no: the Fates had otherwise decreed. Upon whose arm did the enticing form of Corruption lean as she stalked into the Legislature of South Carolina? Upon the arm of a native Caucasian.

The white men in this State have never given the negro reason to believe that his rights would ever be respected in their keeping. Nay, in politics they have pursued him with a malignant hatred. Under President Johnson, 1865, they gave him the *Black Code*—an infamous document, disgracing not only this State, but also American civilization. Wherever they have a majority in South Carolina, the negro is only a little better than "a thing." He has, with astonishment, watched their course in Georgia. He has marked their effort in Virginia to take from Republican Petersburg a Republican charter, and make of her a Democratic city, with a Democratic charter. These things fill the negro with alarm, and make him feel that "equality before the law" must be "the price of ceaseless vigilance."

We shall not attempt to review what has recently been said by the press of the country against "negro rule in South Carolina." We have read in your columns replies thereto that have honored your heart and head. Your readers have also sent a reply to the tax-payer's memorial. The reply stands high among our State papers. It is an able document—remarkable for its clearness of statement, its perspicuous style, its financial correctness, and its incontrovertible logic. It is a pride and a pleasure to know that this reply was wholly the work of a negro—our State treasurer—Hon. F. L. Cardozo, whose official course has won golden opinions even from the opposition press. No honest man can have a word to say in condemnation of the present management of our money matters. Some, who sigh for "the dead-pots" of the previous administration, pour out their complaints; but they are very feeble; they come forth still-born.

The tax-payer's delegation received an unexpectedly pleasant (?) reception from the President. His irritation was well founded. No gentleman could hear in silence what several members of the convention said about Grant and Butler. The Republican editor who reported the speeches made in that patriotic (?) body, was thanked by some of the very men who attacked Grant officially and personally, for the correctness with which their remarks were reported. Ever since the adjournment of the convention the *Charleston Chronicle* has had at its head a paragraph

NEW NATIONAL ERA.

VOL. V.—NO. 13.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 16, 1874

{ \$2.50 a year in advance.
5 Copies for \$10.

taken from one of the speeches in which Butler is belabored as a thief, and the whole Congress as unworthy of the notice of honest men. I would not, in this connection, repeat some of the things that were said about the President, for they go beyond the pale of decency and good breeding; they confine themselves not to his public character, but enter into the sanctum of his private life, touching even the sacred family altar.

Would that the country could plainly see the cloven foot under the garments of those hypocritical pretenders. How the Democrats, now throwing themselves at the feet of Congress, will succeed in their effort to get the offices again, is yet to be seen. My impression, however, is, that they will have to return to their homes, and nurse by "the shores of the far resounding sea." They want the United States removed from the State. Why? To institute again a system of violence and murder. But, let them come on. There will be two to play at that game this time.

The colored people of South Carolina have made mistakes just as the French and Spanish have done. In the races of men they are no exceptions. But, like other men, they are profiting by the past. The last Legislature did many things which indicate that the spirit of reform is in their midst. The State debt can only be increased by a two-thirds vote of the people. Specific tax levies are made. The number of legislative attaches is fixed by law. The amount of money to be expended in public printing has also been limited. The complaints against the party are not so much on account of what it is doing, but on account of what it has done. The colored people are thoroughly awake to a sense of their responsibility. By the merciful help of God, and the patient forbearance of friends, they will make of South Carolina, not a negro colony, but a State in which the African will be able to attain "the highest development of all his powers"—a State that will be to him what Missouri is to the German.

The doors of the State University are now practically open to the people. Ever since the *new regime*, there have been in the institution nearly a few negro-hating, Union-despising students. In October, 1873, a colored student applied for admission into the Medical Department. This, of course, troubled the waters. He was admitted after quite a struggle by a majority of only one vote. Every medical professor voted against the applicant, but, after learning the result, expressed a willingness to abide by the issue. Not so with the outside world. Southern society flourished the whip in the face of the native professors; and some, fearing proscription more than anything else, like the most cringing slave, kissed the rod that was lifted to strike them. One Dr. Laborde, who had been connected with the institution for more than a quarter of a century, forced from his classic walls by two feeble daughters, left the place where, with McJulie, and Preston, and Lagare, and Pinckney, he had lived and labored. The blow was too great for the old man; gates seemed to close upon his soul as he moved away from his *Alma Mater*. Soon after this touching incident, he was gathered home to his fathers. Time will not permit us to describe the University. It is sufficient to say that it occupies the most beautiful spot in the "Queen City of the South." Its grounds, three squares by two, are covered with verdant trees and lawns, reminding one of the groves in which the ancient philosophers are said to have studied and taught.

Among the professors there are four Southern men—Lynch, of Medicine, brother to the well-known Episcopal Bishop; Melton, of Law, whom even the Democrats conceded to be "the best man in the State for the position"; Roberts, of History, and Vamling, of Modern Languages.

Both races are represented in the University classes. In the Professional and College Departments more than one-half of the students are *white*. Within the past week twelve new students applied for admission into the College Department—scientific course. More than one-third of them were *white*. Ten were admitted—two failing to pass the required examination, which was very thorough, lasting about eight hours.

This institution is calculated to do much good for South Carolina and for the negro race. If the time ever comes when the descendants of the Rutleges and the Marions shall believe in the universal fatherhood of God and the unlimited brotherhood of man, the University of South Carolina will have a dwelling place in the breast of every African-American.

Yours, truly, "Mac."

From Ohio.

CINCINNATI, April 11, 1874.

As short while ago the newspapers were teeming with the venality of Southern Legislatures, presumably controlled by colored men, and every little while I find articles discussing what are contemptuously styled the "carpet-bag governments." The missionary has at last been induced to look about him and discovers that "the heathen are at his own doors." New York, with her "Boss"; Washington, with her "Boss"; Philadelphia, with her "Boss"; and alas! that I must record it, Cincinnati with so many first-class public thieves, it is impossible to say who is "Boss."

One of the peculiarities of this place is its pride of excellence in all she undertakes. We sustained a rink so long as it was the grandest; we kept up a race course so long as it was the best trotting park; we patronized base ball so long as the Red Stockings were victorious; and we will have an Exposition each year until some other city rivals ours—no longer. So with our public plunderers. They have bailed the school of the most expert investigating committees as to who, how, when, where, and what amount of stealing has been done. True, we have killed off a promising Presidential candidate; true, we have slain a distinguished mayor, in prospect; true, we have placed a number of eminent citizens under the ban of suspicion; but it is equally true the only scapegoat yet found is an unfortunate fellow who died just

before he was called for. We have discovered bribes ranging from \$10,000 to \$100,000 paid by corporations for securing the passage of favorable ordinances, but the placing of it "where it would do the most good" was so adroitly managed that thus far it is impossible to say in whose hands it lodged. (In one case it is charged that a railroad company was released from the payment of \$300,000 for a bribe of \$30,000.) If that dead man could only tell a tale through the means of a memorandum book!

There has been such a cry of wolf! well! wolf!!! by the papers, nobody believed it could be possible. However, investigation only exemplifies the excellence of Cincinnati in the peculiar manipulations of her public thieves.

DR. J. M. C. SIMPSON,

of Zanesville, sent me the prospectus of his little book of poems entitled "The Emancipation Car," first published in 1854. The new issue will contain a biographical sketch of the author and such songs and poems as he has written since.

I am happy to commend this book to any one interested in colored literature. If we have a poet in the country, Mack is he. Some time ago in discussing this subject, a friend informed me that long before the war his songs were sung throughout the length and breadth of the land. He had himself heard, with surprise, slaves on the far Southern plantations singing Mack's songs, totally ignorant, of course, to whom they were indebted for the felicitous expression of their woes. His adaptations during the war were seized upon with passionate fervor, and there was seldom a public meeting of colored men in which some one of them was not used. Everybody has joined the chorus of his "John Brown"; and if the possession of poetic talent is exemplified by the power to arouse the passions to work upon the feelings of the multitude, Simpson bears off the palm. The book will be ready for sale on the 15th of May. Price, in paper, 25 cents; cloth, 50 cents.

Speaking of books, reminds me that WILLIAM STILL, ESQ.,

of Philadelphia has found it necessary to explain, in an address at Concert Hall, since issued in pamphlet, the reason why he chose to vote for Col. A. K. McKim, for Mayor of that city. Has it, indeed, come to this, that such a man as William Still must explain publicly why he prefers to vote for the best candidate? Do the Republican leaders of Philadelphia also claim to own the colored voter? Are they the party? Or, are white men only permitted the privilege of selecting the best men for the interest of the citizen and State to put in office? If colored men are not to use discrimination at elections, it would have been far better for the Government never to have passed the 15th amendment to the Constitution. So long as the Republican party is the best and no longer. I trust will colored voters sustain it. It will not be a great while before there will be a general independence in the other States besides Ohio, if the party leaders continue their policy of denouncing every colored man who dares to question the judiciousness of local measures or the ability of local candidates. Every man who wears the Republican badge is not necessarily permeated with the principles of the party he professes. Jeremy Bentham says: "The Book of Fallacies." "There are certain men in office who, in discharge of their functions, arrogate to themselves a degree of profligacy which is to exclude all imputations and all inquiry. Their assertions are to be deemed equivalent to proof; their virtues are guarantee for the faithful discharge of their duties; and the most implicit confidence is reposed in them on all occasions. If you expose any abuse, propose any reform, call for securities, inquire, or measure to promote publicity, they set up a cry of surprise, amounting almost to indignation, as if their integrity were questioned or their honor wounded. With all this, they dexterously mix up imputations, the most exalted patriotism, honor, and perhaps religion are the only sources of all their actions."

Mr. Still has answered the question well; and I am glad to welcome him into the growing fold of the Chillicothe Shepherd.

The right of colored children to go to the public schools of Indiana, and the constitutionality of certain sections of the school law of that State in townships where no separate school is provided for them, was decided last Monday at Indianapolis, by the session of the Supreme Court in the case of

CAREY RATER, ESQ.,

of Lawrence Township, who made application for a mandate to compel the admission of his children to the white school. The decision was rendered by Judge Perkins, and met the unanimous concurrence of the other members of the bench. It reads as follows: "Great ability and research have characterized the arguments upon the motion. I shall not follow the counsel over the wide field they traversed in argument. I shall limit myself to the statement of a few propositions, which seem to me to support the conclusions to which I have arrived. The ultimate question in the case to be decided is this: Have colored children, residing in the various districts in the different townships in the State, in which no separate schools have been organized for colored children, a right to attend the school organized in such townships, in common with white children? On the 28th of July 1866, the Fifteenth Amendment became a part of the Constitution of the United States. That amendment ordered that all persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the laws and penalties thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside. Article VIII, Section 1, of the Constitution of the State of Indiana says: 'Knowledge and learning generally diffused throughout the community being essential to the preservation of free government, it shall be the duty of the General Assembly to encourage by all suitable means the moral, intellectual, scientific and agricultural improvement, and to provide by laws for a general and uniform system of common schools, wherein tuition shall be without charge and equally open to all.' This expression, 'equally open to all,' includes at least all citizens; and the system of common schools is composed of the various District Schools of the State. At the date

of the taking effect of the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States the State of Indiana had in operation a system of common schools wherein tuition was free to white children under twenty-one years of age, being citizens of the State, and in the taking effect of that amendment the several schools composing that system, by virtue of the section above quoted from our State Constitution, became open and free to colored children, also being under twenty-one years of age. As that amendment placed them in the class of citizens, they had the right to enter and attend these schools until reasonably convenient separate schools, substantially equal in educational advantages, were provided for them by the State; and whenever in any township such schools are not provided, colored children, being citizens and under twenty-one years of age, still retain the right conferred by our Constitution upon citizens' children to attend the common schools equally with the white children in such localities."

The colored ministers and elders of the CUMBERLAND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH in Kentucky propose forming a Colored General Assembly of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church in the United States. The leaders of the movement claim that there is a deeply felt need of a more thorough bond of union among them, and that a separate and distinct organization composed of colored people would be promotive of greater prosperity in the future. The advocates of the measure point with pride to the A. M. E. Church, and propose to go and do likewise. I am sorry—sorry that even in religious matters there can be found reasons for the necessity of the existence of separate organizations. However, I trust they may be successful, and as an organization deserve the respect to which the former body is entitled.

The annual conference of Bishop D. A. Payne's diocese of the African Methodist Episcopal Church will be held at Portsmouth, May 14th.

I had intended saying something of the Woman's Whisky War in this State, but as this letter is already a lengthy one, I will considerably spare your readers any further infliction at this time from

DEFEUCH.

From Mississippi.

"Hon. J. D. Shadd."

To the Editor of the New National Era:

The lineage of the Hon. J. D. Shadd, Speaker of the House of Representatives of the State of Mississippi, is a respectable and distinguished one. Abraham Shadd, Esq., his father, was born at Wilmington, State of Delaware, about the year of 18—; is well and favorably known, and much respected by all who know him or who have had anything to do with him.

He, as an early pioneer in the anti-slavery cause, rendered valuable service to the "underground railroad," which furnished the avenue of escape to so many fugitive slaves.

He furnished much valuable information, which greatly enhanced the usefulness of the "underground railroad," and the anti-slavery journals spoke in the highest terms of praise and commendation of his services.

In short, Mr. Shadd was foremost in all conventional and other movements, among colored men, that had for their object the advancement of the cause of human emancipation.

There is a large and influential family of the Shadds. Although Mr. Shadd, the father of the subject of this sketch, had a large family of children, yet all of them have been well educated, and most if not all the daughters are, or have been, engaged in teaching in the different States. There were thirteen children in all; five boys—Hon. J. D., Joseph Lee, Wm. Garrison, Abraham W., and Gerald Smith; and eight girls—Mary A., Elizabeth W., Harriet, Emeline, Amelia, Sarah, Ada, and Eunice.

Mr. Shadd moved to Canada, some years ago, with his family, where he made a great and good impression by his untiring efforts in aiding, peculiarly and otherwise, those of his fellow-men escaping from slavery in the United States.

A perusal of the history and workings of the anti-slavery and anti-colonization movements, and the underground railroad work, would bring many things to light in the life and character of A. D. Shadd, Esq., that should make his posterity rise up and call him blessed.

Mr. Shadd was one of the first colored men ever elected to an honorable and trustworthy position in Canada, under her Majesty's government, which caused considerable comment by the press, both in the States and in Canada. The New York *Herald* especially was very much alarmed at the precedent. It would take too much space to speak of the relative merits of all the children of this distinguished family (all of whom reflect much credit on their parents), but may mention A. W. Shadd, Esq., a graduate of Howard University Law School, and now a successful practitioner at the bar of the Supreme Court of the State of Mississippi.

Mrs. Mary Shadd Cary is too well known to require even a passing notice here.

Hon. J. D. Shadd, Speaker of the Mississippi House of Representatives, was born at Wilmington, Delaware, in the year 1837. He was reared in Pennsylvania, in the town of West Chester. He moved to Canada about the year 1854, and was for several years an associate editor and publisher of the *Provincial Freeman*, and subsequently engaged in mercantile pursuits. In 1862 he visited California, and returned overland, and spent three years on the frontier in Oregon, Nebraska, Colorado, Arizona, Utah, Idaho, and Washington Territories; his travels were extensive among the mines of the territories.

The information gained by him is valuable. The stories of his experience and adventures out in the Northwest, are very interesting as well as instructive, and would, if published, be a source of information to those who cannot be eye-witnesses of life on the frontier. Mr. Shadd returned to Canada in 1865.

He came to Mississippi in 1870, and was employed as book-keeper by B. T. Montgomery & Son, at "Davis Bend," was first representative from Jeff. Davis's old district, after reconstruction, being elected to the legislature in 1871, from the old planta-

tion of the Confederate Chief. In 1871 was chairman of the House Committee on Counties and County Boundaries. Mr. S. proved himself an earnest and active worker, seeking at all times to do that which was considered to be the best interest of the parties to be affected by the action of the legislature upon bills referred to his committee.

As a member of the Committee on Judiciary and Education, he took great interest in all matters before these committees, and did much toward perfecting the General School Law, which was passed in 1873. The election of Mr. Shadd to the Speakership (as the successor of Hon. John R. Lynch) was more a surprise to himself, than to his most intimate friends, the honor coming unsought, and, therefore, was the more honorable and complimentary. I think that I can safely predict a career in the Speaker's chair, for Mr. Shadd, which will compare well with those of both the honorable gentlemen who were his predecessors in office—Messrs. Warren and Lynch.

Speaker Shadd is calm and collected, but firm in his decisions; gentlemanly and forbearing in his treatment of all members; his success, as a presiding officer, has surpassed the most sanguine expectations of his friends, and all are forced to confess that he is strictly just and impartial toward all members, without regard to party preference.

The Jackson *Pilot*, of February 14th, commenting on the matter of his rulings, speaks of him as follows:

"Some of the decisions of Speaker Shadd, on Wednesday, pending the action of the House on the Franklin county contested election case, which were rendered so promptly and so correctly, prove to every member of that body that he has made himself thoroughly conversant with parliamentary usages, and are an evidence that the members, in moving their points of order, will have to put them upon good grounds, if they wish to have them sustained."

Mr. Shadd is, as we predicted he would be, an excellent presiding officer.

He keeps strict order and compels every one to obey the rules. He has no favorites; shows no partiality, and has won the confidence and respect of all who have the pleasure of his acquaintance.

Mr. Shadd has made for himself a reputation which is most likely to carry with it national honors.

From Alabama.

HUNTSVILLE, Ala., April 11, 1874.

To the Editor of the New National Era:

DEAR: Please excuse the liberty which I, an humble stranger, unknown to fame, and unaccustomed to this kind of business, now take in addressing you. To be candid, I write against my will. But it is my only alternative. For one long year a restless, craving, never-ceasing anxiety to be a writer to your paper has had possession of me. Time after time I tried to satisfy this exacting desire by attempting to compose able essays to send to the ERA, and just so many times have my efforts proved humiliating failures. After so many futile efforts, seems it strange to you that I should, to-night, sit down to trace the history of my experience.

I date all of my trouble back to the untimely remark of an indiscreet friend. "If I were you," said he, "I would write to the NEW NATIONAL ERA." Grand conception! Pregnant with visions of renown! My mind seized it. From that moment it was the sum of my life. It rose in splendor. I was at once a successful writer, and in the world of letters sat side by side with Poor Richard, Peter Parley, Artemus Ward, and the host of distinguished writers, dead and living. The world stood waiting with eager expectancy for the jewels that fell from my pen. There was nothing now wanting to complete my greatness but a more novel and graceful title than the one by which common mortals called me. In the absence of any to suit me, I coined one. I will not write what it was, suffice it to say that, with my subsequent experience, I would as soon name my first born Hard Times—I've seen several chubby little fellows with that hungry name—as to sign it to this letter. Thus did fancy, scornful to climb the steps to success—labor, patience, perseverance, and hope—soar above them, and light unwearied into the hallowed land. This was the morning of my experience. Long ere the hour of midday, however, the clouds of despair and impatience rose and obscured the heaven of my fancy, and soon the rain of doubt descended to dampen the ardor of my spirits. With the material pen, ink, and paper before me my thoughts became unmanageable and flew off in every direction. Gems of thought, worthy of Plato, with all my persuasion, would not consent to go on paper. Witicisms that Mark Twain would have envied, and political deductions that I can't help thinking would have been of benefit to our law-makers at Washington, all scampered off. Sometimes I would sit for hours, chewing the end of my pen-holder, trying in vain to tame my frightened thoughts. Not having written anything but the date, and, perhaps a few lines, I would commit that to the flames. Nobody must know my vanity.

So begun and ended all of my efforts save the one I made yesterday. As fate would have it, the Disposer of events had generously scattered here and there, during the interval of a month, a few of his much-admired rubies—of which, let me say, he is very sparing in these parts—and I had some thing to write about. I soon wrote you a descriptive letter, which I carried to the post office and mailed. The sound it made when it fell into the letter-box aroused me to a consciousness of what I had done. I turned and walked sorrowfully away. It was like parting with a near and dear friend about to take a perilous sea voyage. The unwelcome thoughts that rushed through my brains about that poor letter and its poorer author were torturing. Misspelled words, ungrammatical sentences, bad style, worse taste, all were remembered. Suppose you should ridicule it in your paper? The idea was enough. I retraced my steps to the office. "Mr. Postmaster," said I, with no little degree of humbleness, "Mr. Postmaster, will you please be so kind as to let me have (only one minute) the letter I mailed just now to the NEW NATIONAL ERA." With some hesitancy he got it and handed it to me. I took it. A great burden was lifted from my shoulders. I have that letter

yet and intend to keep it (safe from the letter-box) to read to my grandchildren. In the course of my narrative I have arrived at this, my last effort. My determination to write you a history of my troubles is accomplished. Not as well as I had hoped, nor am I willing to concede, as ably as I can do it, has the task been performed. However, I have devoted myself singly to it, eschewing more enticing subjects.

Our municipal election took place here, Tuesday, the 7th inst., resulting in a Republican victory. Even this pleasant theme could not devote me from my course. I now feel relieved, but far below Poor Richard.

Should this be received favorably, at another time I shall write you concerning the politics, industries, religions, and other matters of this community—a community, allow me to say, especially favored by nature with a salubrious climate, fertile soil, and beautiful scenery, and by man with good government, and is well worthy of the pride which its citizens feel in it. But should I be mortified by having this rejected, then vengeance on the friend who first kindled my ambition, and though my resources be unequal to the task of writing for the ERA, at least be the powerful enough to heap coals of fire upon his traitor head.

With much fear I await the result,
TIMID ALVIN.

From Georgia.

Justice.

AUGUSTA, GA., April 8, 1874.

To the Editor of the New National Era:

Your readers may feel some interest in regard to Georgia matters, I therefore send the following items:

We have on the outskirts of this city a large brickyard owned, at present by a man named Burke. In his employ as superintendent is a man named Dennis Hallahan, who formerly owned the place. In this county we have a county court which has jurisdiction in both criminal and civil cases of the lower grade, and has also entire control of county affairs. This court is at present presided over by Judge Claiborne Snead, by appointment of the Governor. Judge Snead was the nominee of the Democratic party at our last election for State Senator. The Republicans put no candidate of their own in the field, but united on an independent Democratic candidate to defeat Snead, because of his having made himself particularly obnoxious to the party as a member of the House of Representatives. Snead was defeated. Soon afterward he was appointed Judge of this court, before which almost exclusively colored are tried. Soon after his appointment, he made a contract with Hallahan, the then owner of the brickyard, to work all of the criminals sentenced to the chain-gang in the county, at a stipulated price, to be paid into the county treasury. There being much profit to all parties concerned in this arrangement, and the larger the number of convicts the greater the profit, the next thing was to get hands. Well, charges of the most trivial nature were preferred against colored people, male and female, and being carried before the county court, they are promptly sentenced to the chain-gang for six or twelve months and sent to brickyard. The wife of a poor but hardworking and honest man, who I learn was in a state of pregnancy, was sent to this place by the Judge aforesaid for some trivial offense. For some slight cause the man Hallahan gives this poor defenseless woman a very severe whipping. This comes to the knowledge of her husband, who was naturally very much incensed. This came to the ears of Hallahan, and he determines to show that he is not only boss of the brickyard, but of the city. On Saturday night April 4th, he took six of the convicts under his charge and one of his overseers, a man named Shaw, marched them unmolested through the city to the public market, in which the colored man had a stall, and then the Hallahan, Shaw and the convicts knocked him down and beat him almost to death. They would probably have killed him had not the clerk of the market stopped them. As soon as the matter became known warrants were taken out for these men and they were carried before the same Judge and on a charge of *Riot*. The parties interested desiring to have the case tried before a higher court, it devolved upon Judge Snead to fix the appeal bond; and what do you suppose it was put at for this outrageous violation of law? Why, three hundred dollars. Now, Mr. Editor, this is Georgia justice. The colored people are doing all in their power to have justice meted out to these villains, but have little hope as the judges and juries are all white men, and can't see very plain when it comes to punishing white men for crimes against niggers. Under our jury law colored men are entitled to serve upon juries, but the thing is manipulated so that only occasionally a colored man is drawn, and then when he comes into the court he is informed that he has been excused. These plain unvarnished facts may go to the world if you are a mind to publish them in your paper.

Yours, truly, WATCHMAN.

From Georgia.

COVINGTON, NEWTON CO., GA.,

April 24, 1874.

To the Editor of the New National Era:

DEAR SIR,—Being a lover of right and justice, and firmly devoted to the best interest of our Commonwealth, I deem it especially expedient to ask those who are opposed to evils of all descriptions, and firm adherents to the principles of right and justice, who of them will take care of the immortal Summer's civil rights bill? Who will champion the negro's cause in our national council? Will not Mr. Hoar, or Mr. Dawes, or some other of America's bright and illustrious sons, enter with "gloves off" and battle manfully for those rights which to-day are denied to our five millions of people? Why will infernal prejudice keep out of the Senate the champion, P. B. S. Pinchback? Is it because he is colored, and will surely come hot and heavy for civil rights; or is it because he was not legally elected to his seat? Sir, I am firmly of the opinion that he was not for the damnable prejudice that is in so many of our public men and some of our country's poor trash, Mr. P. B. S. Pinchback would be heard this very day in our national Congress, standing with Hoar, Dawes, Morton and others, as it were, in the shoes of the well-beloved Summer, advocating the all-important question—civil rights. Is it not intolerable that on account of color, our representatives are kept out of their lawful calling and thereby great damage brought upon the country? Mr. Sumner is dead, and shall five millions of people have to say that their cause before the nation's council died with him? I say, God forbid. It is true that Mr. Sumner is dead? Yes, all that was mortal of him has gone the way of all the earth, but "Sumner non mortuus est, sed circum in memoriam vivit." But, sir, although he lives in memory, yet his work is done, and some one else must "step in his shoes" or else our cause and common good of humanity is lost forever. I hope Congress will hear the demands of over five millions and their scores of thousands of friends, by passing "the Summer civil rights bill," which I believe our chief, U. S. Grant will sign in due time. Although Georgia seems to be dumb on the question of their rights, it is not because the people are satisfied without them; not at all; but rather because they cry, cry, and cry again, and no heed is paid them. As one representing a popular sentiment in middle Georgia, I demand, with the millions who have already demanded, to pass the bill, and let us enjoy life while we live. I pray the immortal God of my country to hasten the day when the motto of our country shall be: Justice to all men irrespective of color or previous condition of servitude. I hope before many days Wendell Phillips or some other of the Day State's noble sons will be filling the Hon. Sumner's place in the championship of right and justice, especially for that race for whom Sumner bled and died. Let Pinchback have his seat and he will co-operate in fighting for the right. Let him have his seat, because it was given him by the State which, so unmanly, he represents.

Kind sir, I have written quite earnestly. If it's worth space in your widely circulated journal, put it in, if not, use it to light the gas so you may see better to write, or use it to wipe your pen when through writing.

I am yours in the right,
A. E. P. ALBERT.

From New York.

NEW YORK, April 12, 1874.

To the Editor of the New National Era:

Nothing can be more appropriate than the continued manifestation of genuine love and gratitude to the great Summer, expressed through the columns of the excellent paper under your control.

While reading the New York *Messenger* Journal, the most able and fair paper of its kind in America, published by Wallace P. Groom of this city, I find in its editorial column, the enclosed beautiful tribute which I cut out to send you, thinking you might be glad to add this to the many testimonials which are from week to week finding place in the columns of your paper.

In reading this article, I was thinking how a wise man had found a wise way of projecting a great purpose into the hearts and hands of those who shall follow him, and that, too, by the expenditure of a comparatively small amount of money, such as an honest man may contribute with the consciousness that it was not tainted by any form of oppression in the getting.

Let us all labor, however humble our lot, for the overthrow of all monopolies, and thus keep on the work, and by the inauguration of such laws as will no longer leave open the door which excites men to avarice.

The ways are already inaugurated in the platform of the Grangers and Labor Reformers for systems of equal justice to all regardless of sex or color. Let us, then, all unite and strive to give them the force of law in our nation, that other nations will be compelled to imitate and practice the same.

The Labor Reformers are, and have been for many years to this end, and first—most important step now—is for the three sixty-five convertible bond system in finance, looking to the time when eight hours, or even less, shall be all any toiler need require for a day's work. We the laboring men, not the rich bankers and speculators, pledged our labor and laid down our lives with and for you in the death struggle, in which your friend Summer sounded the trumpet, and won the orator's plaudit. We now ask the colored race, whose liberty we laid down our lives and pledged our labor to secure, to help us in restoring our liberty, and to break the financial chains, which in this contest were fastened not only upon us, but you as well.